



## **Sex Ed Chapter 8: Homework** by **Phantasmoplast**

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## Sex Ed Chapter 8: Homework

### CHAPTER 8

A/N: So I said it in Chapter 8 and I'll say it again - this is going to be super super smutty. If that ain't your thing, you'll have to wait a little longer for the next chapter. Apologies if that's the case. If it isn't, though, enjoy!

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Two weeks after the sleepover, Mike was struggling with his homework.

It was history, usually a breeze for him. And it should've been now, too — the assignment wasn't complicated, just analyzation of documents as per the usual. There wasn't even a whole lot of it, because Christmas break was coming up soon and the teachers at his school were looking forward to the days of leisure. No, the problem wasn't coming from the work itself. It was coming from the very bored girl whose bedroom he was currently sitting in.

How was he supposed to critique Napoleon's decision to advance into Russia with her shamelessly attempting seduction off to the side?

It started with general touchiness, because El had nothing else to do but watch Mike work, and she was bored. Poking and shoulder tapping and head-on-shoulder resting. Mike was fine with that. He was good at concentrating through distractions.

Then it escalated to slightly more... distracting distractions. Hugging from behind, kissing, nuzzling into his neck. Which hampered Mike's focus more than a little, but he tolerated it because he thought she was sweet.

Finally it ramped up one stage further when El suddenly decided his homework could wait for more important things.

"Mike," she said, throwing herself onto his bed and idly staring up at the ceiling. "Let's have sex." She was slowly learning the proper grammar behind the word. A shame, in Mike's opinion, because it

was kind of cute when she talked about "sexing".

He held up the sheet of paper in front of him. "Homework first," he told her, tone firm for both their sakes.

El groaned. "*Bored*. Homework later," she protested. "Sex now." She slid off the bed and padded over to Mike's seated form. She plopped herself unceremoniously into his lap, where she nuzzled the side of his face. Mike sighed, dropping his pen and leaning back in his chair.

"El."

"Hmm?"

"*Homework*."

"Later."

"Eleven..."

He never used her full first name unless he was serious. She stopped.

"You shouldn't have pro... procast... procrastinatoted," El scolded him, twisting in his lap to look at his papers.

Mike smiled and poked her nose. "Procrastinated," he corrected gently. "Yeah, I probably shouldn't have. But I did and now I have to cram so I don't fall behind in my classes." He reached around her body, picked up his pen, and started writing again, peering down at his homework sheet from over her shoulder while his free hand rested on her back.

El sat still for a minute, enjoying the contact, before nudging him. "Am I bothering you?" she asked.

He shrugged. "Not really." Smiling, he squeezed her gently. "You're too tiny to get in the way much."

El sniffed, jumping off his lap and sitting back on the bed with a mock-offended expression. "Bad Mike," she said reproachfully. He sniggered and didn't respond. El narrowed her eyes and angled her face downward. Mike, with his back turned, didn't notice until his

paper flitted up off the desk and glided down into El's hand. She tucked it under her back and laid down, hands behind her head casually.

"Hey!" Mike protested, wheeling his chair around. "Give it back."

She smiled coyly, twirling a strand of hair around her finger.

"Come on, El," Mike wheedled, getting up and approaching her.

She kept smiling.

"Please?" he said.

The smile widened and she pretended not to hear him, twiddling her thumbs and staring at the ceiling. Seeing her stretched out on the bed with that knowing little smirk, Mike was torn between exasperation and the desire to throw his body on top of hers.

"You're not being cute."

El raised both eyebrows.

"Okay, maybe you're a little cute."

Further.

"Really cute."

The smile returned. She still wasn't looking at him. Mike sat down on the bed next to her, staring silently, before he suddenly shot a hand forward and grabbed the sheet of paper under her back, pulling. El giggled and held on.

"You'll tear it!" Mike protested. "Let go!"

She didn't. Instead his fingers all opened, as if of their own accord, and the paper slipped from his grip. El hugged it to her chest victoriously.

"Cheater," he said accusingly, heaving a defeated sigh. El giggled again and rolled back onto her stomach, watching him. He gave her a

pleading look. "I really need that. I was almost finished."

"Take it," she offered, drumming her fingers on his homework. Mike tried. He lunged for it, closing a hand on one corner and pulling, and El, unprepared for the sudden force, gasped as she was tugged forward. She resisted, but he grabbed her wrists, overpowering her and rolling his body over hers, where he forced the paper from her grasp.

"Aha!" Mike crowed, holding his hands high above his head with the paper out of her reach. Both teens were breathing hard. Mike was perched atop her, sitting up while she was lying prone on her back, pinned beneath his weight on her thighs. El grasped half-heartedly at the paper, but Mike's arms were much longer than hers and plus he had the advantage of being on top. But it didn't matter. She had gotten him right where she wanted him. Mike frowned as he realized the what had happened. He tried to pull away, but her legs locked around his waist tightly.

"Let me go, El," he said, but she just bucked upward from her hips, grinding against him and smirking. Mike was barely able to keep from groaning at the feeling. "El..."

"Mike."

"What if your parents walk in? Or your brothers?"

"Will and Jonathan are in the city," El pointed out. "Joyce and Hopper are shopping. Won't happen."

"Maybe..." Mike conceded. "But I—"

She added her hand, rubbing through his jeans the way she knew he liked. Mike's voice cut off abruptly and she grinned up at him mischievously as she felt him hardening under her palm.

"El," he breathed again, but only out of obligation. She knew she had won at this point. His face was moving closer to hers and a second later they were kissing passionately. Mike took her lower lip lightly beneath his teeth and it made her body light up with that now familiar fiery feeling.

Her hands were tangling themselves in his thick curls and his were sliding down her sides, her stomach, to her waist. El felt the cool skin of his palm slip underneath her shirt, stroking the soft smooth skin of her abdomen while his lips traced the contours of her jaw, then her chin, then her throat, until mouth and hand met at the neckline of her shirt. He paused. El let out a little whine of longing and he grinned, kissing her one more time before smoothly pulling her shirt over her head and bearing her torso and perky breasts, raised up to him like an offering.

Mike immediately pressed a kiss against the soft firm flesh, and El let out a soft squeak at the mixed feelings of his tongue and teeth. He licked and nipped and El squirmed, enjoying it but impatiently waiting for him to go lower and give her that sweet release she had grown to love so much. Instead, though, he started to kiss his way down her body, first the bottoms of her breasts, then her stomach, lower and lower until he reached her waist, still covered by a plaid skirt.

El watched his progress with a mixture of lust and curiosity. He had never brought his mouth that low before. Usually he stopped after her breasts. This, though, this was new. And she found that she was liking it, liking the way it intensified the hot desire in her gut.

Mike curled his fingers into the waistband of her skirt before wrenching it down all the way. El lifted her legs so he could pull it off her feet, which he did before returning to his original position. El's breath quickened at the sight of his head between her thighs. Unconsciously, she spread her legs further apart. Mike easily removed her insubstantial pink underwear, leaving her completely bare. He was still clothed. Usually, El would have requested that he undress, but just now she was too in the moment to care much. Especially when he started to kiss the juncture of her thighs, right next to the burning spot.

El whimpered and bucked her hips hopefully, and Mike placed a hand on the inside of her thigh, caressing the smooth creamy skin. She shivered against his palm.

"Mike..."

"Hmm?" He kissed the inside of the other thigh. El squirmed.

"Stop!"

"Stop what?" She had taken his homework for this, hadn't she? Well, he was giving her what she wanted. Only fair that he enjoy it too.

"Stop *please*." El made a frustrated noise in her throat. "Do me. Please," she added as an afterthought.

"Do you?" Mike doubted she knew that was an actual term. Cute.

"*Please*," El begged again, and Mike almost felt bad for torturing her. Almost. Nonetheless, he decided it was time to comply.

El was expecting him to use his fingers. He had done it in the past, and his hand was tracing patterns right there. He was in position. So it came as a surprise when she felt his tongue instead, lapping and probing right where the burning feeling was. El gasped and arched her back, feeling like she had been shocked. She felt his tongue slip inside of her again, beginning to adopt a rhythm.

"Good?" Mike asked between licks. El couldn't respond. If she tried to talk she wasn't sure it would come out right. She just let out a low whine that gave Mike all the information he needed. He hadn't been sure at the beginning. His only experiences had been with her, and they hadn't done anything particularly extreme yet. But his instincts had guided him and so far she seemed to be enjoying it, if her heaving chest, soft sounds and fingers entwining themselves into his hair were any indication. His jeans were constricting him painfully, and a large part of him longed to wrench down the zipper and bury himself deep inside of her where he knew bliss awaited, but he resisted the urge. That could wait.

Within five or so minutes, El started to get louder. Mike had learned after their first couple experiences with sex that she wasn't very good at keeping quiet, and it didn't bother him one bit. The opposite, in fact. When her voice rose in a moan — like it was doing right now — Mike felt a certain pride that he could give her that much pleasure. He licked and probed and sucked, abandoning movements that elicited less of a reaction and repeating ones that made her buck and



squirm and moan. On an impulse, he added his fingers too, rubbing little circles around the spots his mouth missed.

It was too much for El. She let out a shuddering cry as her body tensed and writhed, releasing the long, hot bubbly waves of pleasure she had grown to crave. Mike pulled his face away, moving up to press his lips against her own. She responded eagerly, silencing her moans against his mouth until her orgasm passed. Then she collapsed, naked and breathless, onto the bed. Mike lowered himself beside her.

"Yes," she said after a beat.

"Yes what?" he responded, bewildered.

"Yes, good," El clarified. "Very good."

"I'm glad," Mike replied, smiling and running a thumb across the smooth skin on her belly. "It was good for me, too."

"But you didn't..." El sat up and gestured vaguely at his lower body, staring at the bulge in his jeans.

Mike cleared his throat awkwardly, bringing her gaze back up to his. Somehow it didn't feel right to talk to her while she was talking to his dick. "It doesn't mean I didn't enjoy it," he told her. "If it makes you happy, it makes me happy."

El nodded and bit her lip. She seemed oddly shy all of a sudden, fidgeting and tracing random patterns on the bed with her fingers. "I want to try," she said in a small voice, gaze flitting up to meet Mike's before returning to her own hands.

His eyes widened. That was an offer he wasn't expecting to get. But he would be lying if he said the thought wasn't appealing. He felt his jeans tightening further at the vivid images that sprung up in his head. "O-okay," he stammered.

They had to get back in the mood first. It was another minute of kissing and touching before Mike was standing next to his bedpost with El kneeling in front of him, delicate hands pulling down his zipper. He hissed under his breath as she slid a hand into his boxers

wrapped all five fingers around him. Then she paused, still kneeling.

"I don't..." She looked up at him nervously. "Don't know what to do."

Mike felt his face starting to redden and suppressed his embarrassment. It wasn't El's fault she didn't know. Explaining to her was nothing to be shy of. He took a deep breath. "Try... try like what I did. Remember?"

El nodded. Tilting her head back, she gave him a long, drawn-out lick. Mike ground his teeth to keep from groaning.

"Good?" she asked, just as he had before, and Mike nodded rigidly. Her eyes lit up, pleased she had done something right, and she repeated the action. It was after another minute of this that Mike worked up the courage to ask her to go further.

"Hey, El?"

"Yes?" She gave one last lick and blinked up at him.

"If, um, if you're up for it..." Mike swallowed awkwardly. "You can put... uh, you can put it in your mouth."

She blinked at him in surprise. "It will fit?"

Mike blushed. "Not the whole thing. Just as much as you're comfortable with," he said quickly. "But if you don't want to— Ah."

His voice ended in a sharp grunt as El's cool lips wrapped around him. For a moment, she was still, but then her tongue started sliding over him, and Mike bit back a moan.

El was a fast learner. It didn't take long for her to figure out what made Mike feel good. Moving her head back and forth and using her tongue a lot seemed to be doing the trick. She had learned that his breathing was usually a good indicator of what worked and what didn't, and right now his breaths were coming hard and deep. El sped up, bobbing her head a little faster, and he groaned. Then, remembering what Mike had done, she added her hand, pumping in rhythm with her mouth movements.

He watched her from his standing position. El, lips forced into an O-shape as she sucked him, was the most erotic thing he had ever seen, and Mike felt a sudden blazing heat in his core. His mind went blank. He released a low, very un-Mike growl. His hands found their way to her head, knotting themselves in her hair the same way hers had in his. He started thrusting his hips back and forth, the movements dramatic enough that El had to abandon her hand-pumping and stop moving her head entirely or else risk choking. It was bordering on uncomfortable, but El didn't mind in the slightest — there was something about the fire in his eyes, the aggressiveness in his movements, that thrilled her, making her heart race. His hands, still knotted in her hair, started pulling her head closer each time he thrust his hips forward. It was getting harder, faster, and El loved every second of it but she *desperately* needed to take a breath. She didn't want to ask him to stop, though...

Then, suddenly, abruptly, Mike wrenched himself out of her mouth. El gasped for air as he gasped in ecstasy, eyes clamping shut as his orgasm hit, not half a second after he pulled out. El flinched in surprise as she felt something hot spatter onto her upper body. After a second, Mike heaved a shaky sigh and lay back on the bed. El joined him a moment later.

"That was really, really good," he said, staring up at the ceiling. He glanced at her, the ferocity in his eyes gone as suddenly as it had appeared. "How was it for you?"

"I liked it," El replied honestly, smiling. "Different."

"Yeah, very different," Mike agreed. He frowned guiltily. "Sorry for getting rough at the end there. I—"

El silenced him with a finger across his lips. "Liked that too," she told him.

"Oh," Mike said, surprised. "Okay. Cool." He had most definitely liked it. He had always harbored a bit of a secret fantasy for getting rough with her, though he would of course deny it to any who asked. But it seemed her tastes didn't differ so much from his. Fortunate for the both of them.

"Mike."

"El?"

"You got something on me." El pointed down to her stomach. Mike propped himself up on an elbow, looked, and turned bright red.

"Oh my god," he said embarrassedly. "Fuck, El, I'm really sorry. I thought I turned away fast enough." He grabbed his discarded shirt and hastily mopped up the stuff on her abdomen. El watched with curiosity.

"It's okay," she said. She frowned, thinking back to Mr. Clarke's lesson several weeks prior. "That is what makes babies happen? If it goes inside?"

"Uh, yeah," Mike mumbled, avoiding her gaze.

"Why did it only come out this time?" El wondered.

Mike bit the inside of his cheek. "It happens every time. It's just that usually I have a condom on so you don't see it." He shook his head, berating himself. "Sorry it got on you. I know, it's really gross."

El turned onto her side, intertwining her fingers with his and kissing him lightly. "It isn't gross," she said. "It's *Mike*. One day it will make little baby Mikes. And Els."

He laughed. "I think we're a little young to be thinking about that, El," he told her gently.

El's expression remained serious. "Doesn't matter," she said. "One day we will. One day I want to."

"Then we will," Mike said. "One day."

*But for now...*

Mike pushed himself up, climbing atop her, placing a hand on either side of her head and kissing her. "Again?"

"Yes."

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**A/N: Hope you enjoyed! Review please, and I promise to update sooner than last time!**